

He's punishing her.

Tea spilt on the floor, papers too awry on his desk, too much dust lurking in corners — all things that serve as his excuses for her punishment. They are all lies, of course, or at least things that are not as significant as he's painting them, but they work for his needs.

The truth is too hard to admit, even to himself.

Her dress is pulled up to her hips as she bends over his desk, exposing the luscious curve and swell of her bottom, now dotted with red welts from his violent hands and brutal swipes from his cane. With each strike, she had called out, so he ordered her to quiet herself, told her things would be *so much worse* if she didn't stay silent.

He had not yet thought on what that might mean.

No, groaning and grunting coming from his study late at night was bound to raise a few eyebrows from the staff — especially when it involved his loyal maid, Ms. Martha Jones.

With his final blow, she broke the silence, a strangled and strident cry escaping her lips as her back arched upward and her fingers grasped tightly to the sides of the desk. He had warned her, told her things would be worse if she'd made a sound, and that is all he tried to focus on as he pressed one palm hard against her lower back, pushed her legs further apart with one knee, and reached down with his free hand between her legs.

"I warned you, Ms. Jones. I told you to stay quiet," he growled, shoving a finger hard into her wetness.

Her evident arousal caused his cock to throb, already aching hard from the muffled cries he'd heard from her as he'd beaten her, already hard from all the times he'd thought of —

He shut his eyes tightly against his unwanted thoughts, trying to ignore the rush of feelings in his limbs as his mind drifted to all the many times he'd wanted her — wanted to touch her skin, kiss her, *make her his*.

No, he needed to punish her.

He couldn't let himself succumb to such desires for someone in his service, especially someone who, with such beautiful dark skin stretched across their precious bones, would cause controversy that would shake the very foundations of the school they were in.

No, he needed to punish her for making him feel this way — making him *want*, making him desire and ache and writhe in the bed night after

night with his cock tightly in his fist and his mind only on her.....

He pulled harshly at his trousers, zip and button practically ripped out of their stitching to free his arousal. "Stay quiet, Ms. Jones," he commanded.

His palm on her back was pressing her tight and flat against the desk as he replaced his finger with his cock, sliding all the way in quickly, unceremoniously, as her wet muscles accepted his length. She moaned, a tone that sounded lost somewhere between protest and pleasure, and whispered, "Please, no. I beg you. No."

"I said to stay quiet, Ms. Jones," he said, louder this time, starting to move against her from behind, his hip bones smacking hard against her thighs and the bruised flesh of her bottom. "You brought this on yourself. Had you only just behaved -- "

He could feel his scrotum already begin to tighten, desire coiling tight like a spring within his belly, and his legs began to tremble. *Not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet*, he urged himself, not wanting things to end now that he'd finally taken them too far, bumping up against the mental boundaries that pitted gentleman versus savage beast in his responses and actions.

He knew she was crying suddenly, her chest heaving against the grain of the desk, and he wanted to stop himself — show compassion, mercy, *love* — but he couldn't. It was *wrong, wrong, wrong* to feel this way and she was *wrong, wrong, wrong* to let him — *make* him — feel this way about her.

He had never imagined it being this way with her though, wishing more for innocent dances, holding hands, and secret kisses in shadows, but a spark had ignited inside him, a *dangerous* spark — something so very deep in his core that it felt like him, but *not* him, like the man that haunts his dreams, that hides in the darkness and calls himself a doctor — no, *The Doctor*.

This Doctor wanted her as well, he thinks, as he feels something much like him pushing to the surface, insinuating himself in each and every cell of John Smith's body, moving beneath his skin like the blood in his veins. This Doctor had always watched Martha slip through fingertips, dust from stars in space scattered eternal, and he wanted her for himself.

John cried out softly, biting his lip against mental protests -- *no, she's mine, she's mine, she's mine, she's mine* -- fighting for leverage within his own mind as his climax took him, leaving him pressed tight against his conquest.

The bright light that had flashed before his eyes as he shuddered and

shook in orgasm, eased back into darkness and he opened his eyes to see Martha bent before him, the rise and fall of her deep breaths shifting the muscles of her back. The coil of desire that had been hot in his belly had sprung, but was now replaced with an empty sadness and guilt. His mind also sprung back just as quickly and he looked down at what he'd done, horrified.

He needed to punish her for making him feel this way, pulling monsters to the surface of his flesh and bones, but now all he wanted to do was punish *himself*.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," he said, but the words felt as if they weren't truly his.